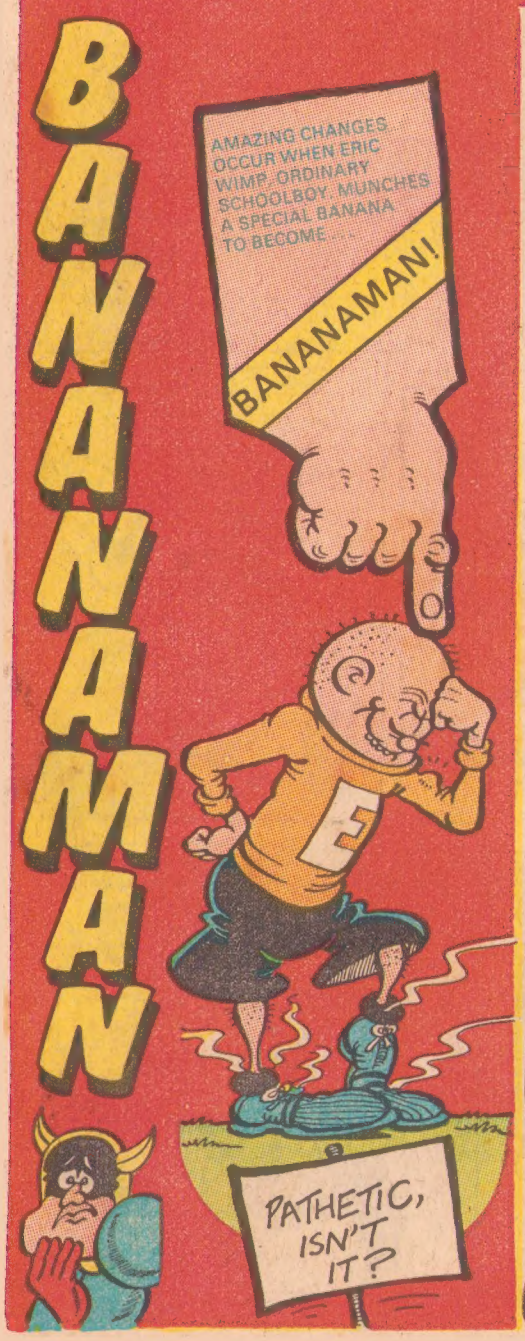
BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON!
SEE PAGE 22.

NUTTY

No. 65 MAY 9th, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

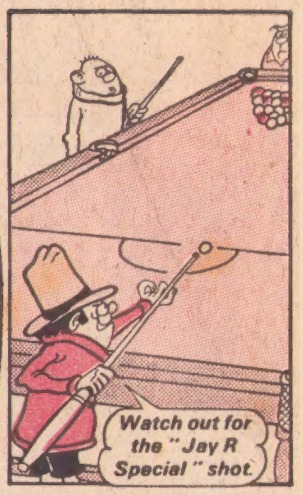
BANANAMAN

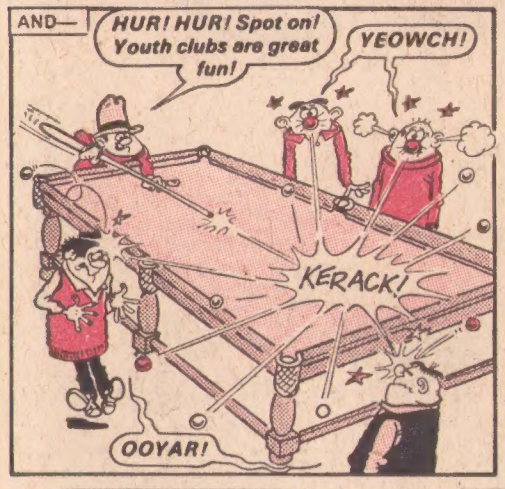

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ERIC WIMP, ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA TO BECOME...
BANANAMAN!
PATHETIC, ISN'T IT?

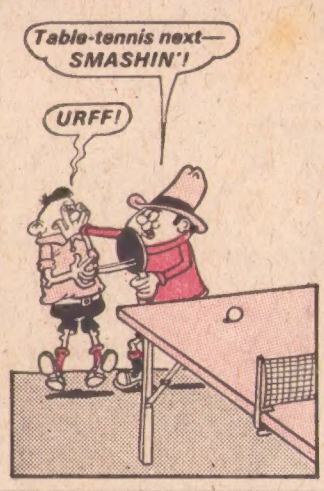
LAST WEEK, THE EVIL PROFESSOR T. STOLE ALL OF NUTTY'S SUPPLY OF BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS. CAN OUR HERO TRACK THEM DOWN?
Have I failed you yet? Don't answer that!
Have no fear, Mr Editor! I shall bring this villain to justice! I, Bananaman, will...
Aw, get on with it!
OUCH! Yessir!
SOON—
WAAAH! Some rotter's pinched my T-shirt!
AHA! I'm on the right track!
What I need is a devious trap to catch that T-shirt nicking villain!
Turn to the back page.

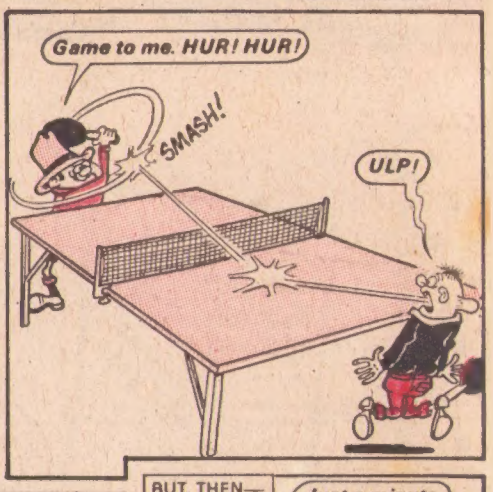
JAY R. HOOD

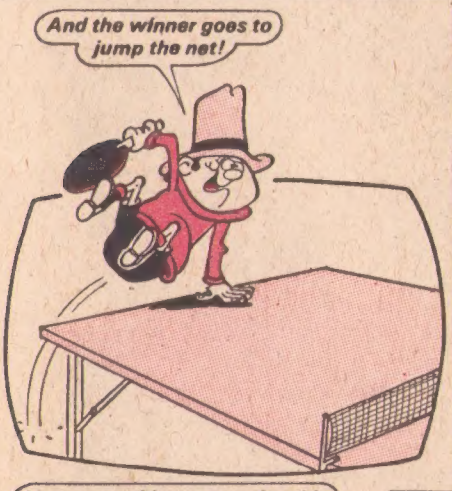
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

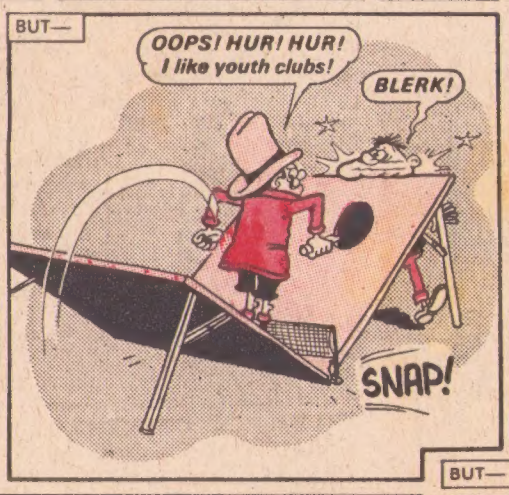


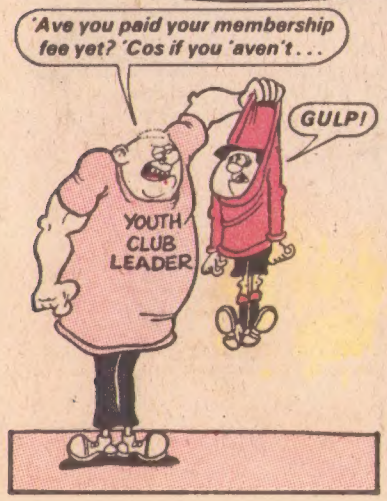








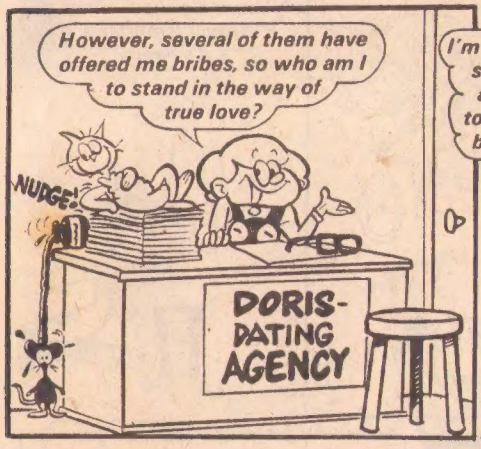




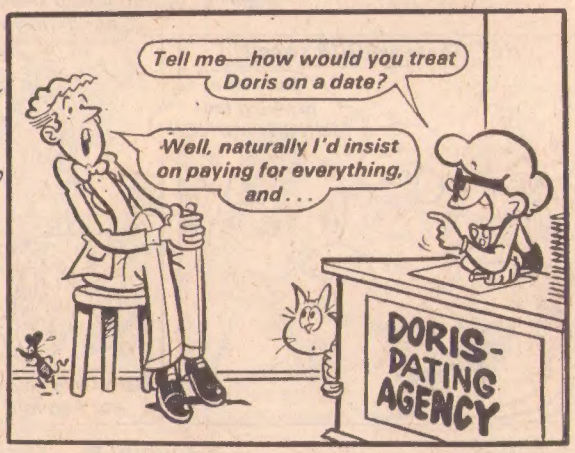
PETER Pest

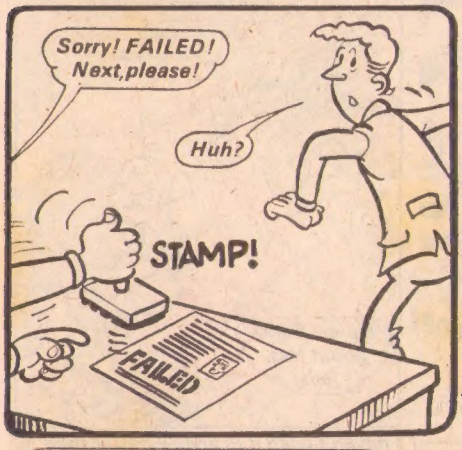
I've had hundreds of letters from readers' older brothers asking me if I could fix them a date with my sister, Doris. Well, I can only say one thing . . .
POP

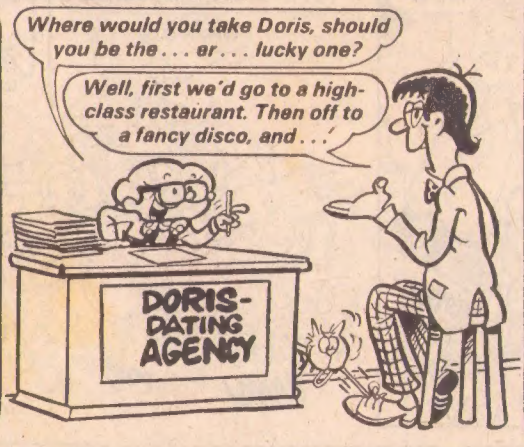
. . . YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR TINY MINDS!


However, several of them have offered me bribes, so who am I to stand in the way of true love?
NUDGE!
DORIS-DATING AGENCY

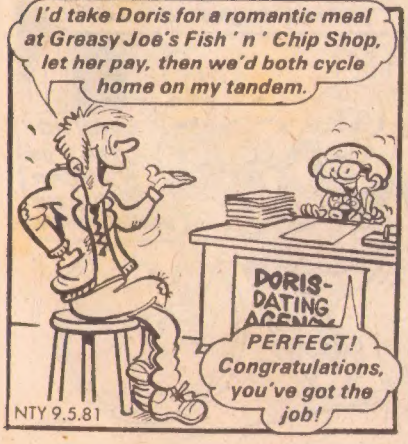
I'm interviewing some lucky applicants today. That'll be the first.
DRING!

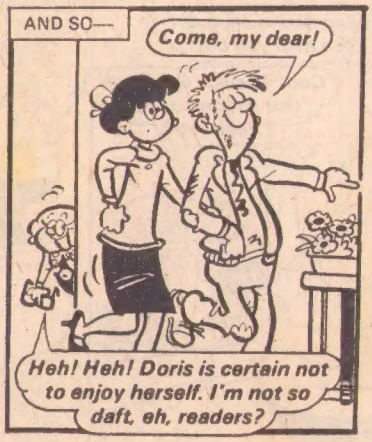

Tell me—how would you treat Doris on a date?
Well, naturally I'd insist on paying for everything, and . . .
DORIS-DATING AGENCY

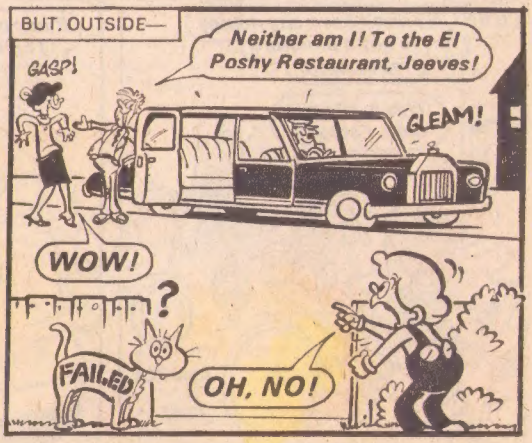

Sorry! FAILED! Next, please!
Huh?
STAMP!
FAILED


Where would you take Doris, should you be the . . . er . . . lucky one?
Well, first we'd go to a high-class restaurant. Then off to a fancy disco, and . . .
DORIS-DATING AGENCY

Sorry! No good! NEXT!
Aw!
STAMP!


I'd take Doris for a romantic meal at Greasy Joe's Fish 'n' Chip Shop, let her pay, then we'd both cycle home on my tandem.
DORIS-DATING
PERFECT! Congratulations, you've got the job!
NTY 9.5.81


AND SO—
Come, my dear!
Heh! Heh! Doris is certain not to enjoy herself. I'm not so daft, eh, readers?


BUT, OUTSIDE—
Neither am I! To the El Poshy Restaurant, Jeeves!
GASP!
GLEAM!
WOW!
?
FAILED
OH, NO!

The WHEELIES

FATBELLY FLASH ACE BARRIE

SWEET SHOP

SLOBBER!

I don't think it's wise leaving Fatbelly in charge of our pocket money.

Neither do I!

MINUTES LATER—

BAH! Money doesn't go far nowadays.

All ours goes into Fatbelly's tum!

MM! I love sweets!

FULL

HEY! These are OUR sweets!

But I'm a growing lad! MUNCH! MUNCH!

SNATCH!

C'mon, lads—I know a cheap sweet shop where our money will go farther.

HUH! We've only got 10p left.

Eek! Our pocket money!

BUMP

OH, NO! It's certainly going farther NOW!

ROLL

YAWN! That's my milk round finished—fine, peaceful morning it's been.

SUDDENLY—

GANGWAY! Nobody comes between us and our pocket money.

WOW!

HONK!

HONK!

SMASH!

EEK! Broken milk bottles!

OH, NO!

POP!

POP!

BANG!

BAH! Our money's gone right down the drain.

Oo-er! Sorry about this, lads.

PLUP!

GRR! We don't have any money left to buy a puncture repair oufit.

This is all your fault, Fatbelly.

RUMBLE

FLAT

FLAT

You and your money going farther.

Bikes broken down, eh, lads? Think I can help you out!

Coo! Thanks, Grandad! Got a repair outfit, have you?

BUT—

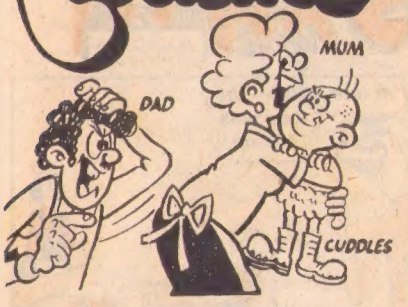
I haven't used it in ages—better than your new-fangled modern bikes.

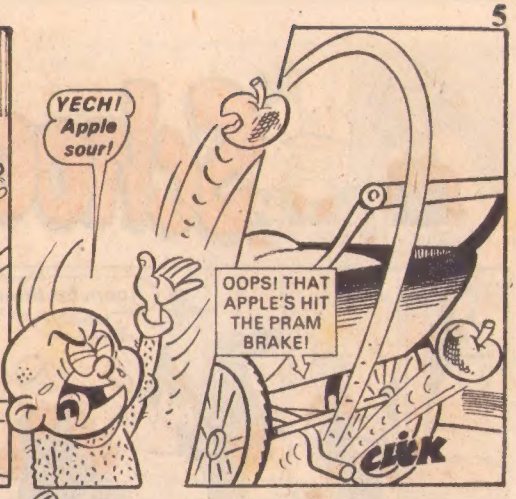
HO! HO! This'll go farther than our pocket money.

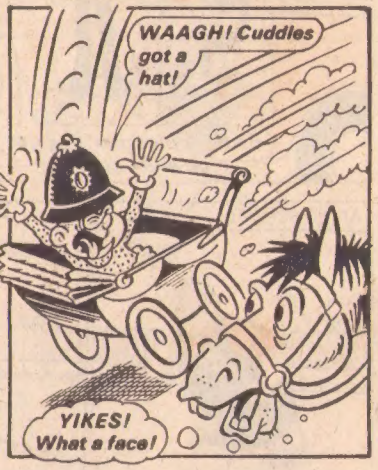
We'll go for miles on a PENNY FARTHING!

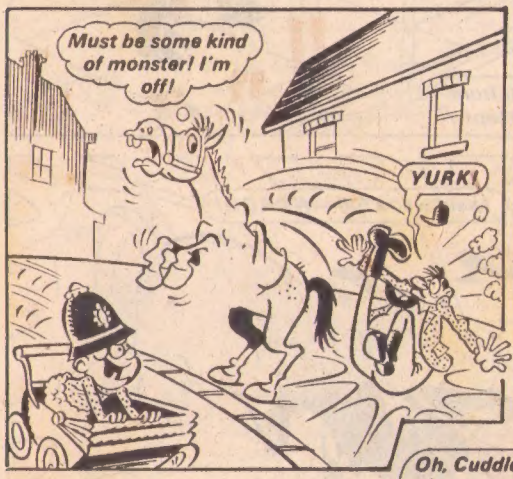
NTY 9.5.81

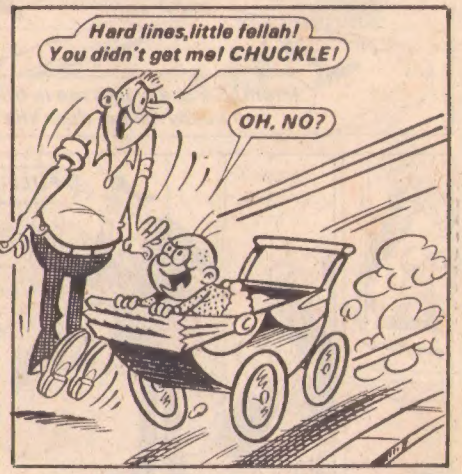
Cuddles

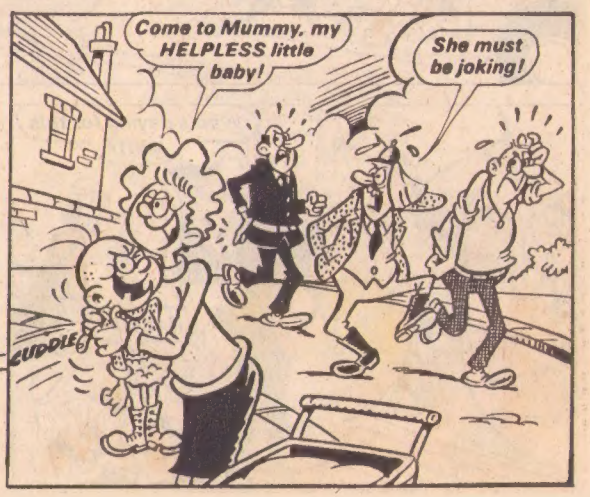






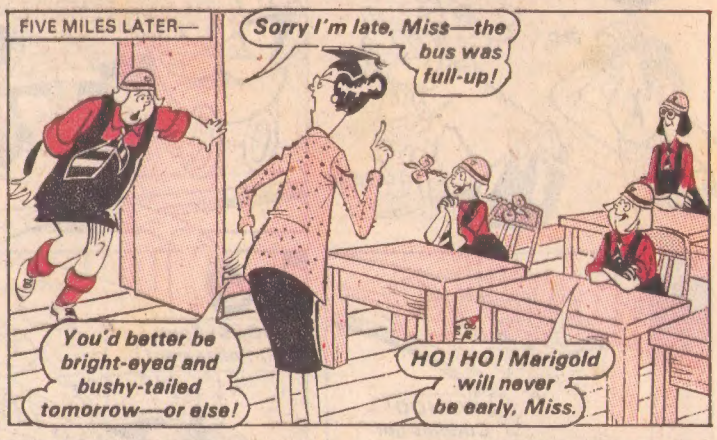


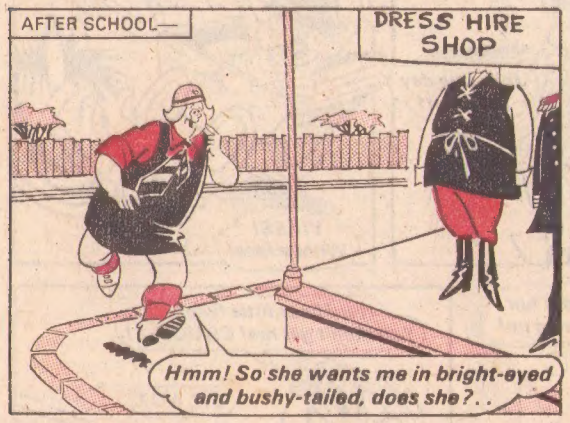


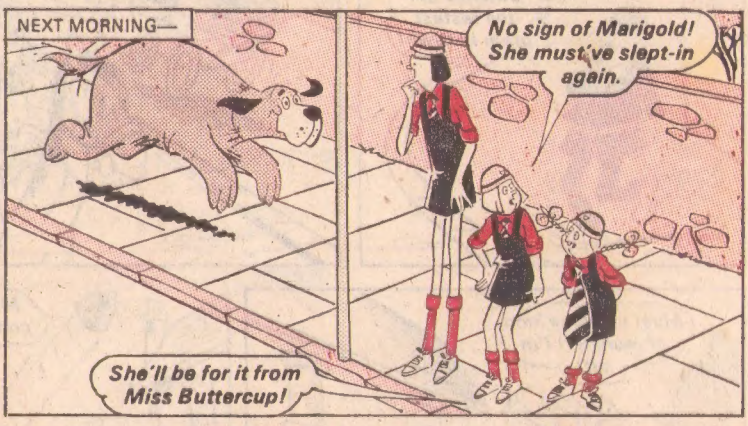


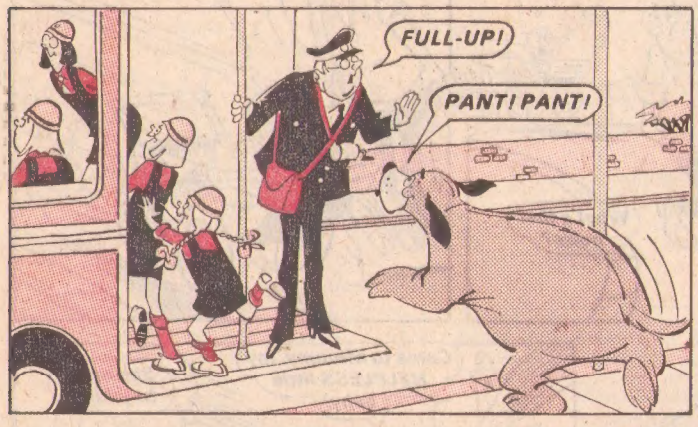
NTY 9.5.81

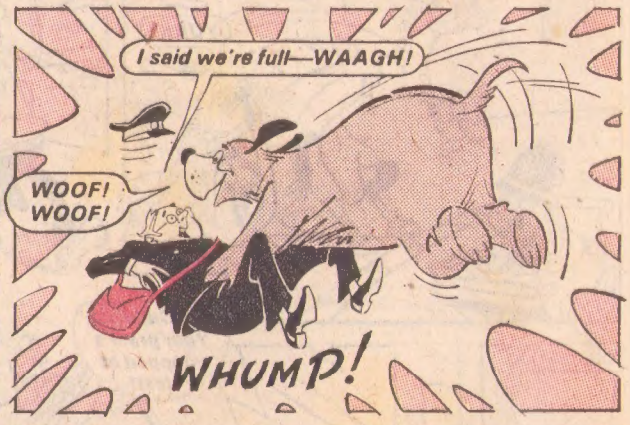
The School Belles

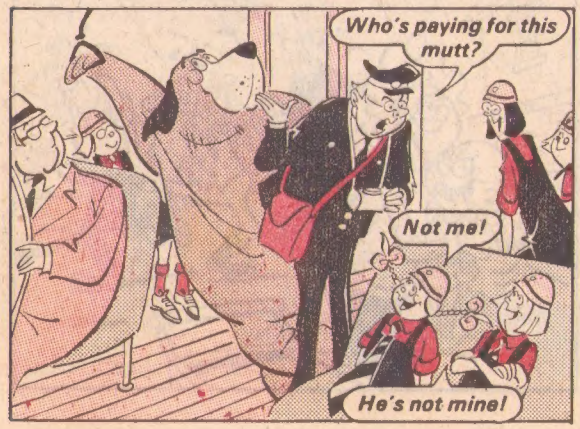

FIVE MILES LATER—
Sorry I'm late, Miss—the bus was full-up!
You'd better be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed tomorrow—or else!
HO! HO! Marigold will never be early, Miss.

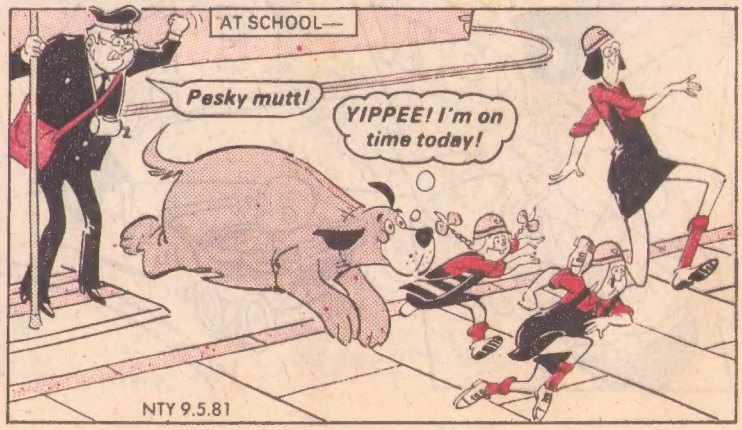




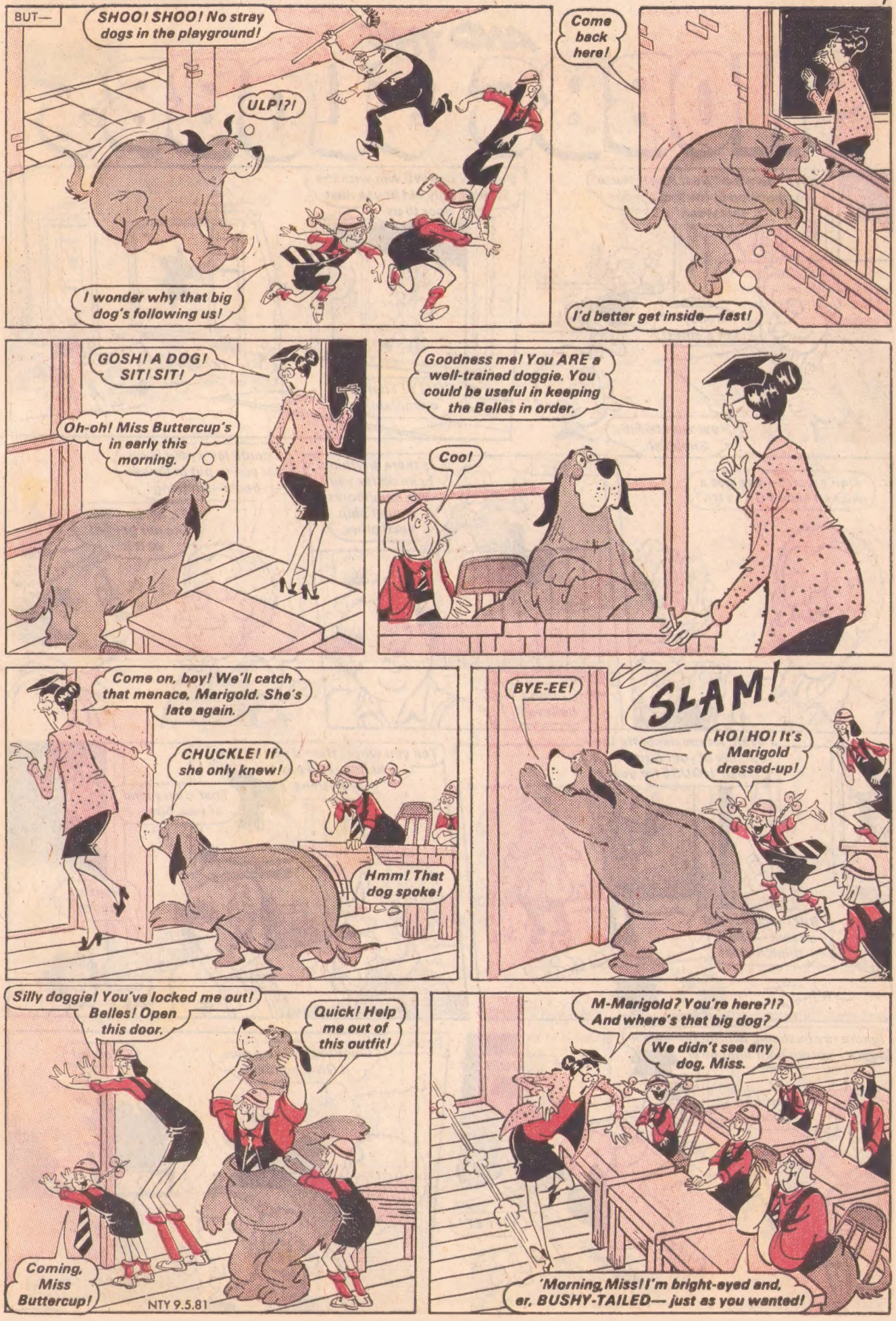




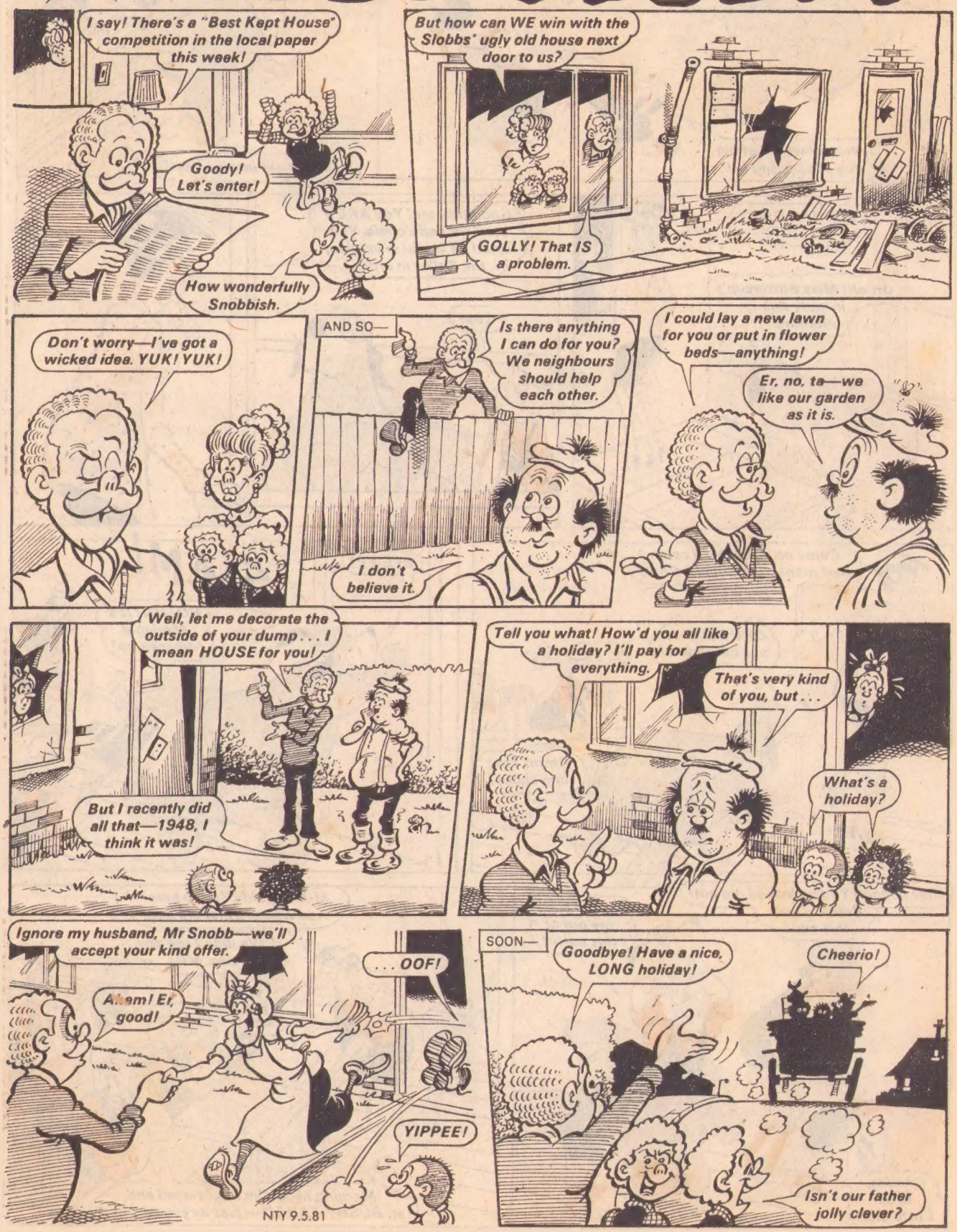


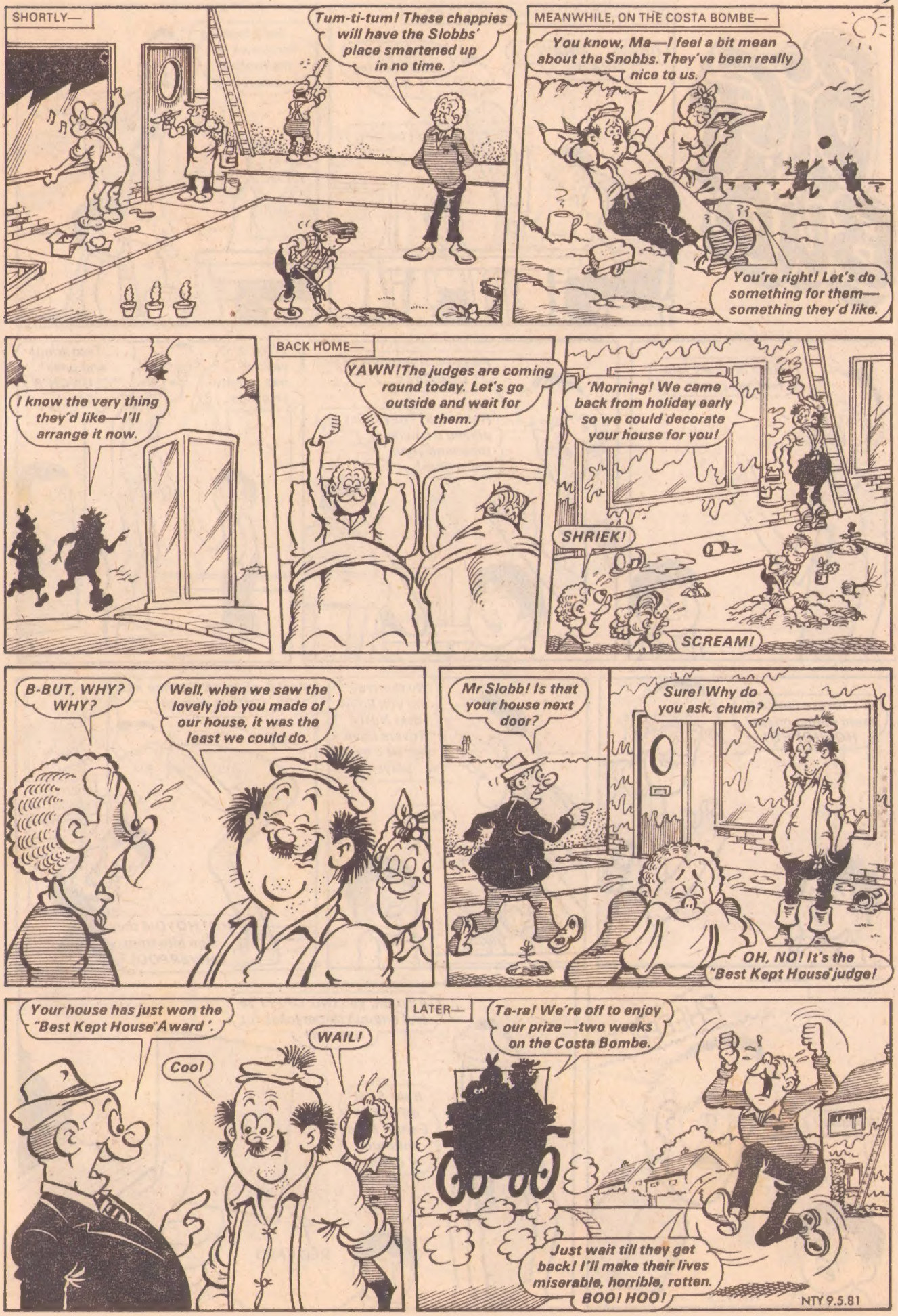


NTY 9.5.81


BUT—
SHOO! SHOO! No stray dogs in the playground!
ULP!?!
I wonder why that big dog's following us!
Come back here!
I'd better get inside—fast!
GOSH! A DOG! SIT! SIT!
Oh-oh! Miss Buttercup's in early this morning.
Goodness me! You ARE a well-trained doggie. You could be useful in keeping the Belles in order.
Coo!
Come on, boy! We'll catch that menace, Marigold. She's late again.
CHUCKLE! If she only knew!
Hmm! That dog spoke!
BYE-EE!
SLAM!
HO! HO! It's Marigold dressed-up!
Silly doggie! You've locked me out! Belles! Open this door.
Quick! Help me out of this outfit!
Coming, Miss Buttercup!
NTY 9.5.81
M-Marigold? You're here?!? And where's that big dog?
We didn't see any dog, Miss.
'Morning, Miss! I'm bright-eyed and, er, BUSHY-TAILED— just as you wanted!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


I say! There's a "Best Kept House" competition in the local paper this week!
Goody! Let's enter!
How wonderfully Snobbish.
But how can WE win with the Slobbs' ugly old house next door to us?
GOLLY! That IS a problem.
Don't worry—I've got a wicked idea. YUK! YUK!
AND SO—
Is there anything I can do for you? We neighbours should help each other.
I don't believe it.
I could lay a new lawn for you or put in flower beds—anything!
Er, no, ta—we like our garden as it is.
Well, let me decorate the outside of your dump . . . I mean HOUSE for you!
But I recently did all that—1948, I think it was!
Tell you what! How'd you all like a holiday? I'll pay for everything.
That's very kind of you, but . . .
What's a holiday?
Ignore my husband, Mr Snobb—we'll accept your kind offer.
Ahem! Er, good!
. . . OOF!
YIPPEE!
NTY 9.5.81
SOON—
Goodbye! Have a nice, LONG holiday!
Cheerio!
Isn't our father jolly clever?

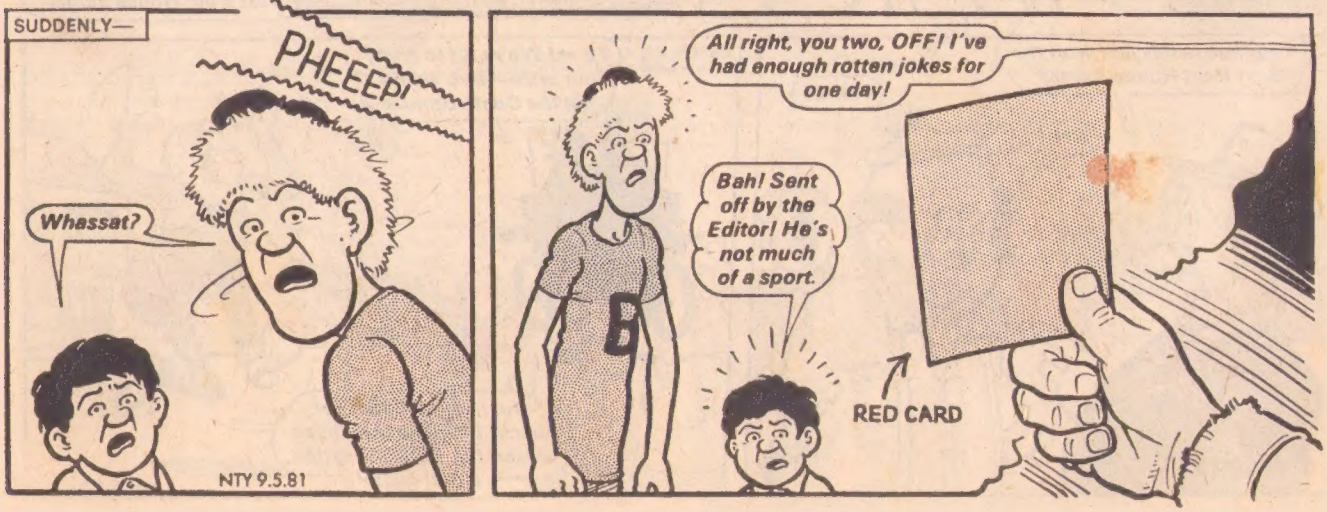

SHORTLY—
Tum-ti-tum! These chappies will have the Slobbs' place smartened up in no time.
MEANWHILE, ON THE COSTA BOMBE—
You know, Ma—I feel a bit mean about the Snobbs. They've been really nice to us.
You're right! Let's do something for them—something they'd like.
I know the very thing they'd like—I'll arrange it now.
BACK HOME—
YAWN! The judges are coming round today. Let's go outside and wait for them.
'Morning! We came back from holiday early so we could decorate your house for you!
SHRIEK!
SCREAM!
B-BUT, WHY? WHY?
Well, when we saw the lovely job you made of our house, it was the least we could do.
Mr Slobb! Is that your house next door?
Sure! Why do you ask, chum?
OH, NO! It's the "Best Kept House" judge!
Your house has just won the "Best Kept House" Award'.
Coo!
WAIL!
LATER—
Ta-ra! We're off to enjoy our prize—two weeks on the Costa Bombe.
Just wait till they get back! I'll make their lives miserable, horrible, rotten. BOO! HOO!
NTY 9.5.81

BIG 'N' BUD

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 4.45 P.M.—
DRAW... DRAW... DRAW...
What's your Dad drawing, Bud?
Don't be silly, Big...
... He's looking for draws on his football coupon!
Oh, I see!

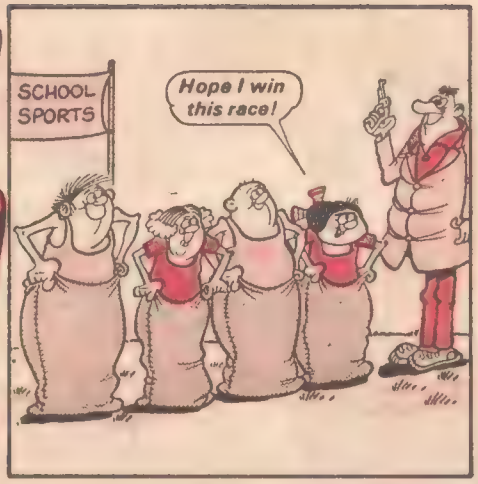
Here is a very late football result...
... Picts—4, Romans—2! CHUCKLE!
Heh! Heh! They must've played a couple of thousand years' extra time!
What's yellow, has twenty-two legs..?
... Two wings and goes "CLUNCH"? Easy!

A Chinese football team eating crisps! HO! HO! HO!
By the way, did you know that Nutty Rovers have signed a new player?
Nope!
TRYING NOT TO LISTEN!
Yes! A ghost! He's their new GHOUL-keeper!
SLAM!
HELPLESS LAUGHTER!
HO! HO! Did they sign him from SHIVERPOOL?


SUDDENLY—
PHEEEP!
Whassat?
NTY 9.5.81
All right, you two, OFF! I've had enough rotten jokes for one day!
Bah! Sent off by the Editor! He's not much of a sport.
RED CARD

SPORTS FAN

'SME!



I'm determined to win at least once today!
But, Fan, you won't stand a chance in this event!
WELLIE FLINGING CONTEST
READER'S VOICE

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

I'll get you strays!

No way!

BASIL CRUMB, DOG-CATCHER

You're stuck! It's the dog-pound for you, Hunk!

ULP!

I can take my time tying you up!

Hey, Lanky! Get out of my way!

Oh, sorry to block your way, Madam! Please pass!

I should think so too!

And you get out of my way too, Fatso!

SLAM!

UH?

GURR! He's getting away!

LATER—

I'll get you this time!

Stuck again, Hunk, and no fat ladies around to save you!

Eh? Uh? Ooh!

NNGH!

RIP!

RIP!

Must go, Basil! Don't take o-FENCE!

CHOP!

SLAM!

I'm too big! That's my trouble.

Hunk escaped, but you lot won't.

Villy's too small to jump the fence.

Hur-hur! What did I tell you?

BIFF!

BUT—

SLAM!

Poor Villy!

I'm sick of being the biggest Wild Rover!

And I don't like being the smallest! Let's do something about it!

PETS

That's what I need!

Just what I'm looking for!

CIRCUS

Look, Gang! Now Jumbo's arrived, I'm not the biggest around here!

THEN—

Meet Cheeser! He's smaller than me!

A MOUSE! HELP!

NTY 9 5 81

I'm terrified of mice! MUST RUN!!!

Blinkin' elephant flattened us!

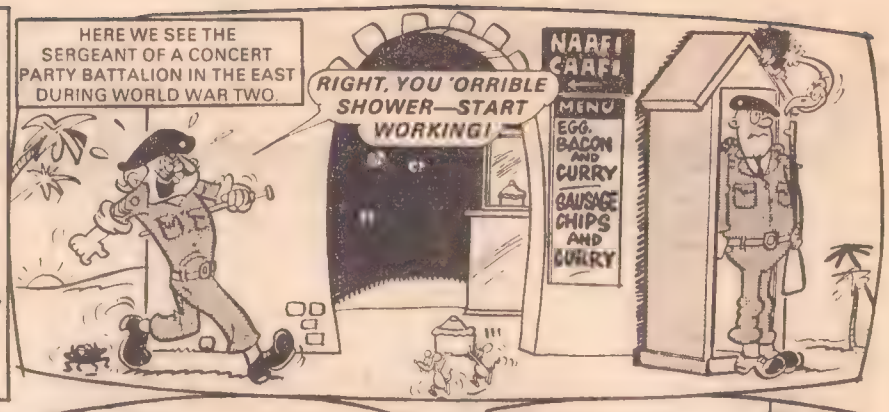
Oh, well! We're all the same size now.

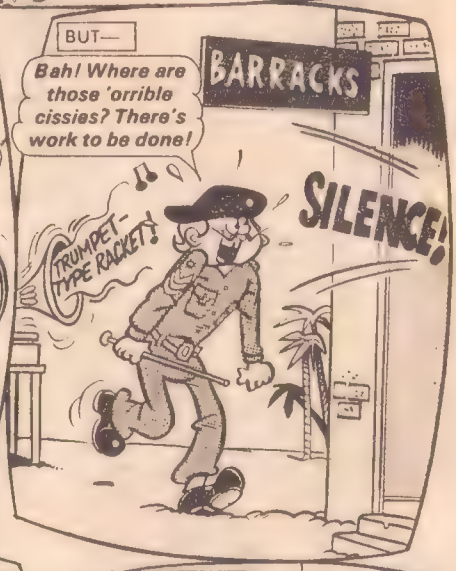
SAMUEL CREEPS
CARD SHOP
We've just bought a card for Samuel's birthday!
Happy Birthday
We send 'im lots of cards!
Of course, we always change 'em a little first!
UNHappy Birthday
I even sent Samuel a Valentine this year!
Ooh! Someone must love me! I'll open it up!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE YOUR HEART...
YEEEK!
Samuel got the message!
...SKIP A BEAT!
At Easter...
An Easter card for me!
IT'S EASTER TIME SO HERE'S...
Don't say we're not good to you, Samuel! We even give you an Easter egg!
A ROTTEN EGG FOR YOU
STRONG PONG!
Just Then—
Coo-ee! I've some cards for you, classmates!
Come off it! Your cards won't bother us!
OH, NO? It's the school report cards. Teacher asked me to hand them out!
ULP! We forgot about these!
Dad will do his nut when he sees my results!
GASWORKS
My marks are terrible!
I'm for it from Mum!
WHACK!
WHUMP!
SPANK!
THUMP!
SLAP!
GASWORKS
THUNK!
WHAP!
OOH! I'd better buy some cards!
NTY 9.5.81
CARD SHOP
I'll have seven "Get-Well-Soon" cards, Miss!
Happy NEW TEETH GRANDPA
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

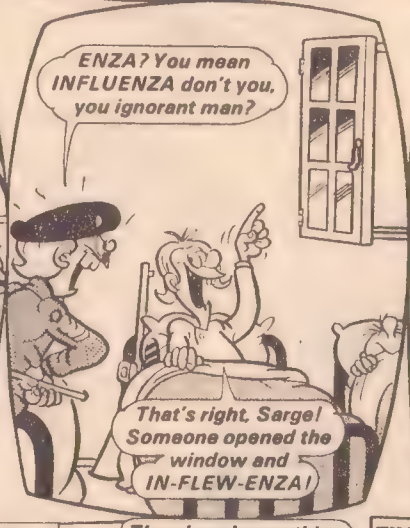
DOODLEBUG

I'll have a peaceful day doodling all that I see in this orchard. First, I see a bee-hive.
SOON—
I've drawn this bee-hive so well I can almost hear . . .
. . . BEES HUMMING!
HUMM!
HUMM!
Where's the entrance?
Sorry! My mistake—this isn't a bee-hive. Actually, it's a . . .
RUBBER
. . . Nice, little cottage. YEOW!
STING!
That's for BEE-ing a nuisance!
I see a lonely crow. I'll draw that now.
GRR! Another crow on my territory, eh? CLEAR OFF!
SQUAWK!
YIKES!
RIP!
SHORTLY—
I see the farmer now—I'll draw him as he busies himself . . .
. . . Aiming his gun at ME!?!
What are you up to, you big-eared brute?
CLEAR OFF!
BLAM!
SHRIEK! He's shot my doodle!
NTY 9.5.81
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT
HELP!
WAAGH! I hope he likes my latest doodle here.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

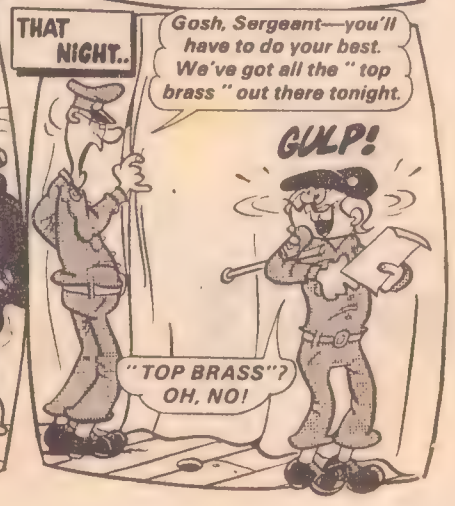
STEEVIE STAR in "It Ain't Half Warm, Dad!"


HERE WE SEE THE SERGEANT OF A CONCERT PARTY BATTALION IN THE EAST DURING WORLD WAR TWO.
RIGHT, YOU 'ORRIBLE SHOWER—START WORKING!
NAAFI CAAFI
MENU
EGG, BACON AND CURRY
SAUSAGE CHIPS AND CURLRY





CAPTAIN
Yep—these boys are not well!
But they're due on stage at 7.30 tonight!
SICK! SICK! SICK!
Then they'll have to catch the later stage!
NTY 9 5 81



GULP! It's General Trumpet, Major Trombone and Field-Marshal Bugle. He's right—all the "top brass" ARE here!
CONCERT TONIGHT 7.30.
FOOTLIGHTS!
I know—I'll start off with a few gags to put them in a good mood.
APPLAUSE!
SO—
I say, I say, I say! Why are tall men lazy? . . .
. . . 'Cos they lie longest in bed, that's why!
HISSS!
HMPH! What's wrong with THAT joke?
HISS!
HISSS!
HISSS!
HISSS!
YIKES! Where did all those snakes come from?
GASP!
HISS!
HISSS!
HISS!
HISSS!
LATER..
. . .And now, for my finale, I shall sing you all a song.
CRAACK!
THERE'LL BE BLUE SKIES OVAH! . . .
. . . THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVAH! . . .
Erk!
EMPTY!
GONE!
SCARPERED!
Sergeant—after what I've seen you do, I want you to go on tour. You'll be a sensation!
YIPPEE! I'm going to be a STAR!
AND SO..
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY . . .
. . . IT'S A LONG WAY TO GO! . . .
He's a great secret weapon! Heh!
EARMUFFS!
AAAIEEEE!
FLEE! FLEE!
AND SO, THANKS TO OUR HERO, THE WAR IN THE EAST CAME TO A SWIFT END.

NTY 9.5.81

SCOOPY!

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

That's me, folks!

There's an open day at R.A.F. Bigglesworth, Scoopy. See what you can get!

No problem, Boss! It'll be PLANE sailing!

AND SO—

Airfield! This must be the place!

SILLY SCOOPY! HE'S TAKEN THE WRONG ROAD!

Hmm! There's no-one here. I must be too early!

SUDDENLY—

Hi, there!

VROOM!

YIKES!

How d'you do, old bean? My name's Cameron Kazi. Cammy to my friends.

CAMMY KAZI?!? GET IT? EH?!

Er . . . I'm Scoopy from "NUTTY NEWS". I . . .

So you've come to do an article on me? Wizard prang! Let me show you round!

But . . . but . . . !

INSIDE ONE OF THE HANGARS—

BLAH! . . This trophy here was won for coming last in the annual Grimsby-Scunthorpe race, and this . . . BLAH!

MORE BORING MINUTES LATER—

This is a replica of the bomb I dropped by mistake on Old Macdonald's farm, 'way back in 1939 . . .

YAWN!

Look, I'm sorry to have troubled you, but I think I'm in the wrong place. This isn't R.A.F. Bigglesworth?

No—but I'll take you over, though!

AND SO—

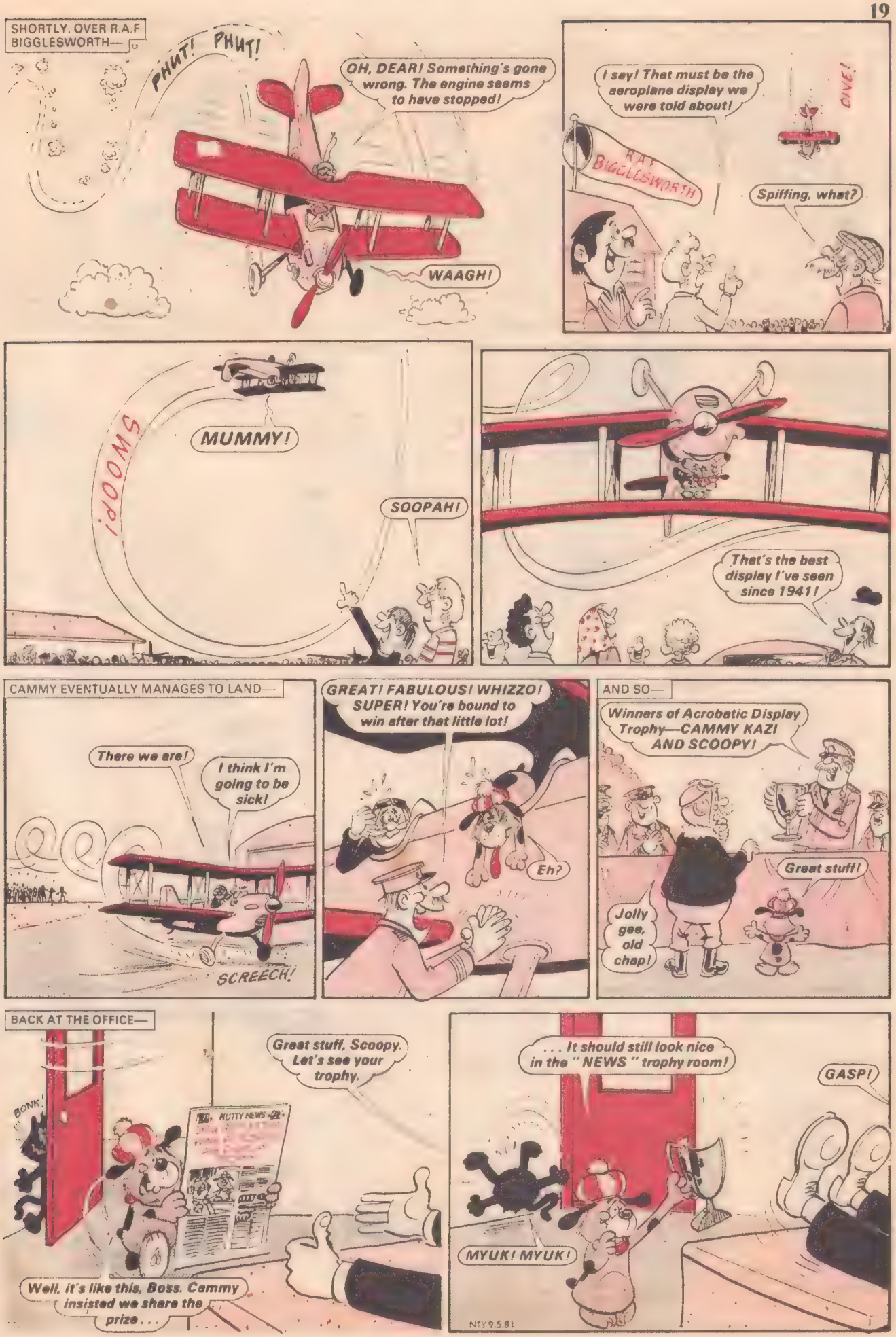
Soon be there, old bean!

COUGH! COUGH!

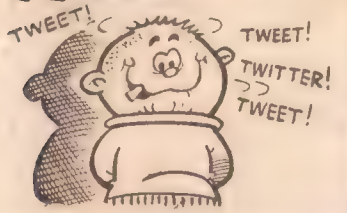
ZOOM!

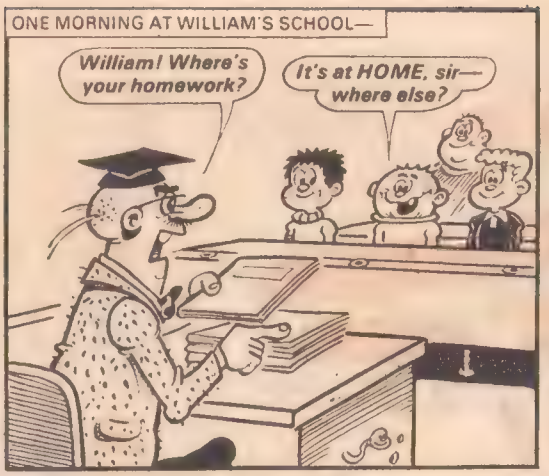
GULP! The sooner the better as far as I'm concerned.

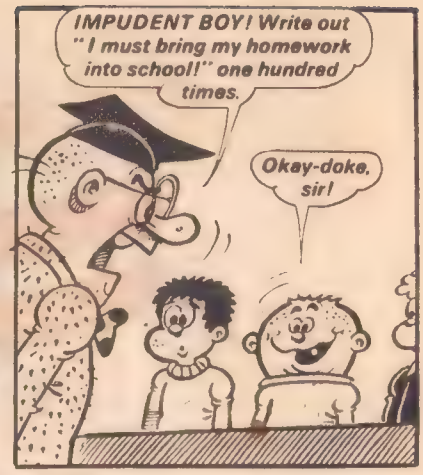
NTY 9581

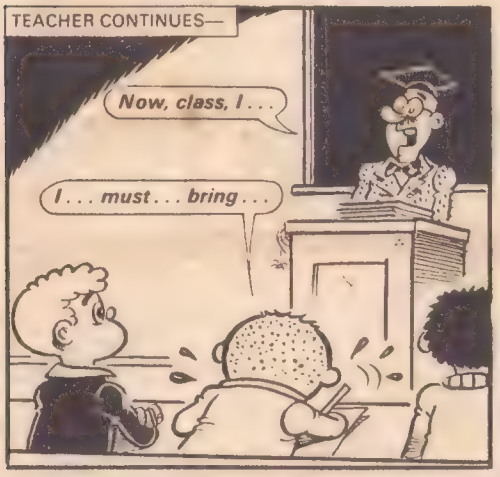

SHORTLY, OVER R.A.F BIGGLESWORTH—
PHUT! PHUT!
OH, DEAR! Something's gone wrong. The engine seems to have stopped!
WAAGH!
I say! That must be the aeroplane display we were told about!
DIVE!
R.A.F BIGGLESWORTH
Spiffing, what?
¡OOOMS
MUMMY!
SOOPAH!
That's the best display I've seen since 1941!
CAMMY EVENTUALLY MANAGES TO LAND—
There we are!
I think I'm going to be sick!
SCREECH!
GREAT! FABULOUS! WHIZZO! SUPER! You're bound to win after that little lot!
Eh?
AND SO—
Winners of Acrobatic Display Trophy—CAMMY KAZI AND SCOOPY!
Great stuff!
Jolly gee, old chap!
BACK AT THE OFFICE—
BONK!
Great stuff, Scoopy. Let's see your trophy.
NUTTY NEWS
Well, it's like this, Boss. Cammy insisted we share the prize . . .
. . . It should still look nice in the " NEWS " trophy room!
GASP!
MYUK! MYUK!
NTY 9.5.81

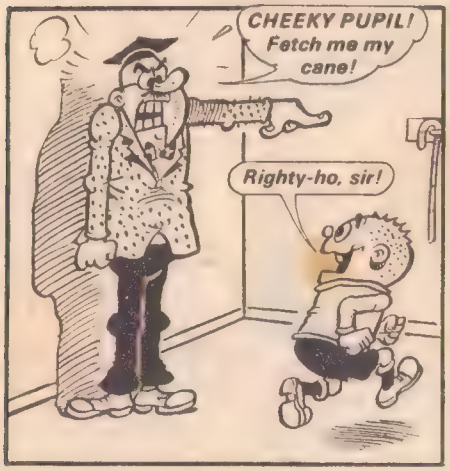
TWEET WILLIAM

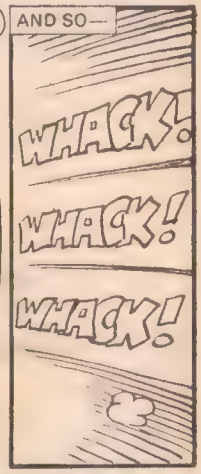


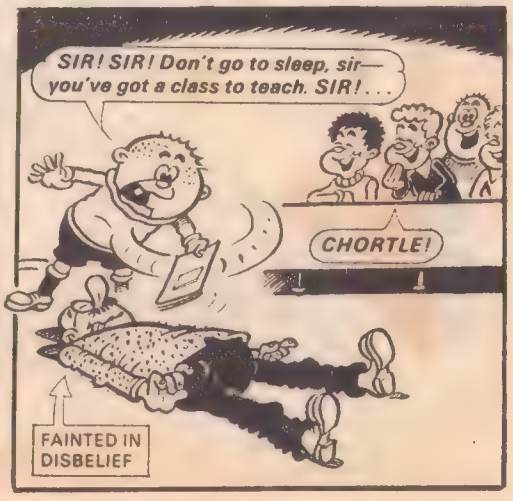












ROCKY
Hello! I'm looking...
PAT'S PETS
CHOMP!
WOOF!
...For a pe.. ERK!
GRAB!
HELP! Get me free!
NNGH! Leggy's just saying hello... GRUNT!
ST-R-E-T-C-H!
PHEW! Perhaps he should just give a friendly nod in future!
TWANG!
Now, what about a Giant Aunt Beater?
NO! NO! I want a:... YOWCH!
Ooh! He did that to MY aunt just the other day!
THONK!
Well, how about a flat-tailed Dinosaur?
No! Listen, I want...
FOR SALE
ULP!
GULP!
You're standing on its tail!
LIFT
TILT!
Er... you WERE standing on its tail!
UMMFF!!!
THUDD!
LOOK HERE! That's what I came for—a PERCH for my canary!
Oh!
BIRD PERCHES
NTY 9.5.81
And you'd better give me two!
Have you got two birds?
BADLY BRUISED AND BATTERED
No! This is the only way I'll be able to get home!
!

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS!

TEN SUPER BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON EVERY WEEK.

Remember to include your name, address and T-shirt size.

SUPER ROTTER, (Jay R Hood.)

JASON CROWTHER, HECKMONDWIKE, WEST YORKS.

Bud:—" What's yellow and sings?"
Big:—" (Ba) Nana Mouskouri!"
CHRISTIAN HEARD, CORNWALL.

Dear Bananaman,
When I got " Nutty " a few weeks ago, it said on the cover—" Two great new stories start today!" I looked inside and saw one of them was " Rocky ", the stone-age cave-boy. I was thrilled that my name appears in the best comic in the World!
ROCKY CRANENBURGH, MITCHAM.

I'm thrilled that MY name appears in NUTTY, Rocky!

KARATE BUG

MARK BARKER, LOUGHBOROUGH.

NEIL TURNER, LEEDS.

Old Man:- " Doctor! Doctor! I keep getting a pain in three places."
Doctor:- " Keep away from those places!"
NUTTY READER, LEEDS.

Customer:- " Does this pen write under water?"
Shop Keeper:- " Yes—and lots of other words, too!"
GAYLE NELSON, LEVEN.

What leaves yellow footprints on the sea-bed?
A lemon SOLE!
DEREK CHARLES, LONDON.

Ho! Ho! Great stuff, readers. Keep the jokes rolling in!

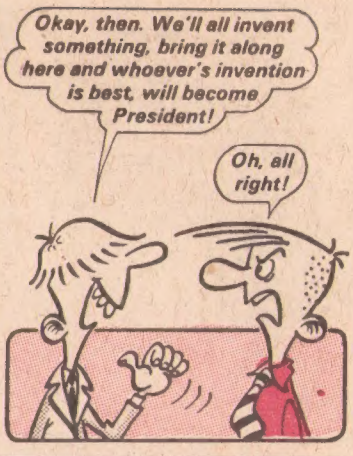
Bud:—" How do vampires travel?"
Big:—" By BLOOD-VESSEL, of course!"
M. BRINDLEY, NEWCASTLE.

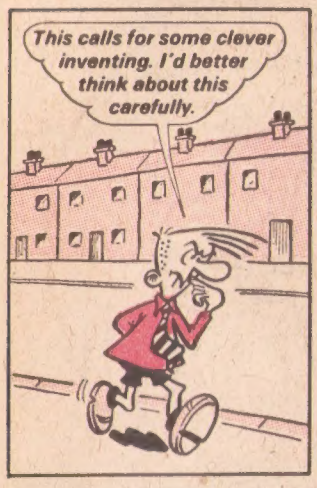
Teacher:- " Simon! Can you say your name back-wards?"
Simon:- " NO MIS!"
STEPHEN FISHER, PRESTON.

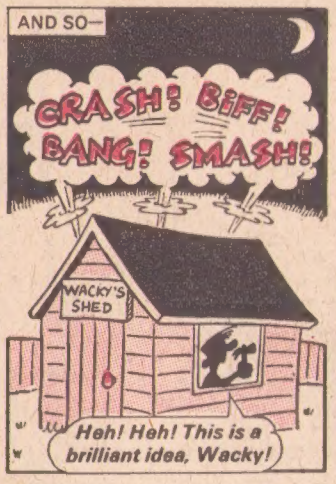
Send your jokes, doodles, letters, etc. to BANANAMAN, " NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 CATHCART STREET, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON NW5 3BN.

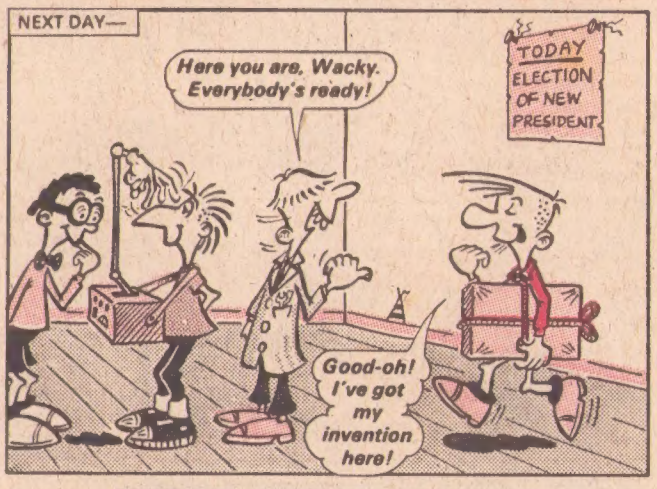
WACKY
The CRACKPOT INVENTOR

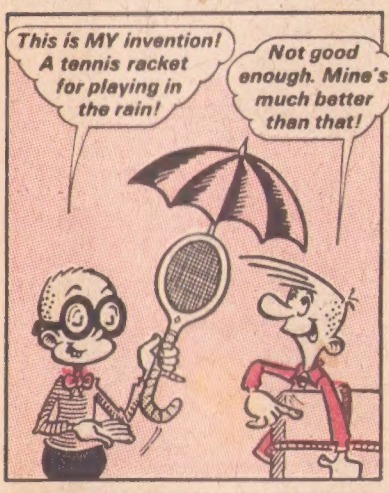
AT THE LOCAL INVENTORS' CONVENTION—
INVENTORS' CONVENTION
Why should YOU be President, Wacky? All your inventions are useless!
Nonsense! I'm President because mine are better than anyone else's!

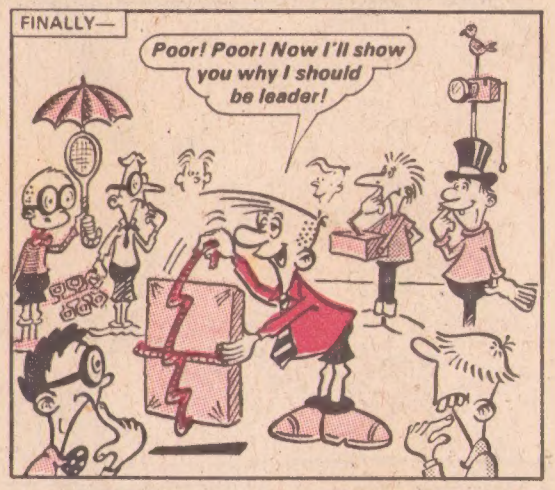

Okay, then. We'll all invent something, bring it along here and whoever's invention is best, will become President!
Oh, all right!

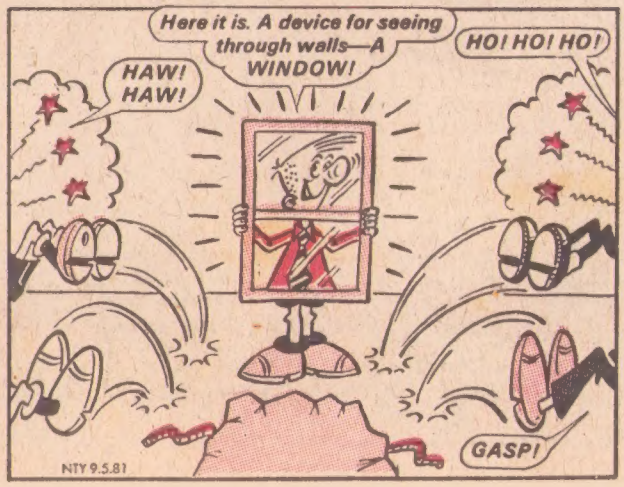


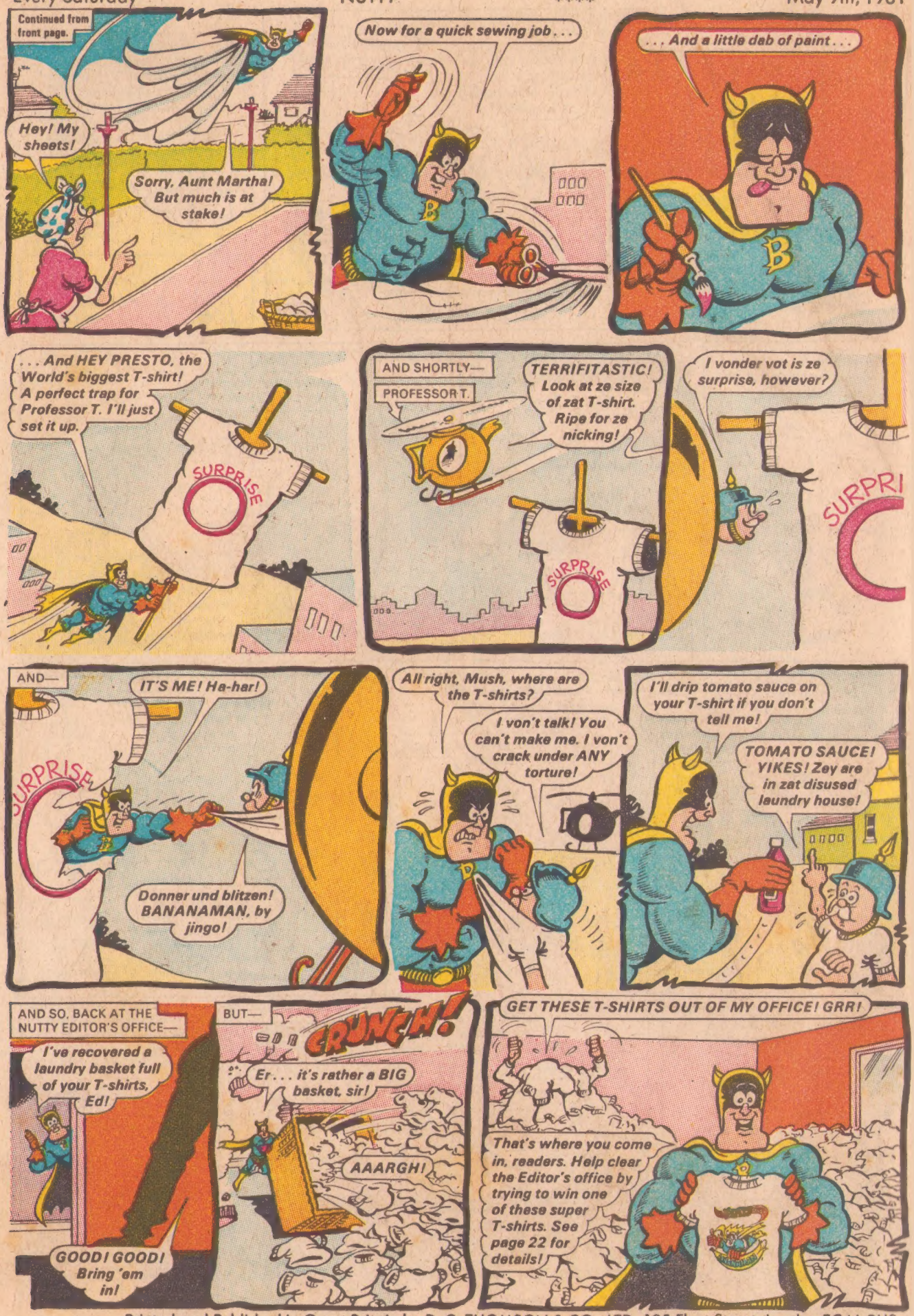











Continued from front page.
Hey! My sheets!
Sorry, Aunt Martha! But much is at stake!
Now for a quick sewing job . . .
. . . And a little dab of paint . . .
. . . And HEY PRESTO, the World's biggest T-shirt! A perfect trap for Professor T. I'll just set it up.
SURPRISE
AND SHORTLY—
PROFESSOR T.
TERRIFITASTIC! Look at ze size of zat T-shirt. Ripe for ze nicking!
SURPRISE
I vonder vot is ze surprise, however?
SURPRI
AND—
IT'S ME! Ha-har!
SURPRISE
Donner und blitzen! BANANAMAN, by jingo!
All right, Mush, where are the T-shirts?
I von't talk! You can't make me. I von't crack under ANY torture!
I'll drip tomato sauce on your T-shirt if you don't tell me!
TOMATO SAUCE! YIKES! Zey are in zat disused laundry house!
AND SO, BACK AT THE NUTTY EDITOR'S OFFICE—
I've recovered a laundry basket full of your T-shirts, Ed!
GOOD! GOOD! Bring 'em in!
BUT—
CRUNCH!
Er . . . it's rather a BIG basket, sir!
AAARGH!
GET THESE T-SHIRTS OUT OF MY OFFICE! GRR!
That's where you come in, readers. Help clear the Editor's office by trying to win one of these super T-shirts. See page 22 for details!

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